

1, 1920

Life

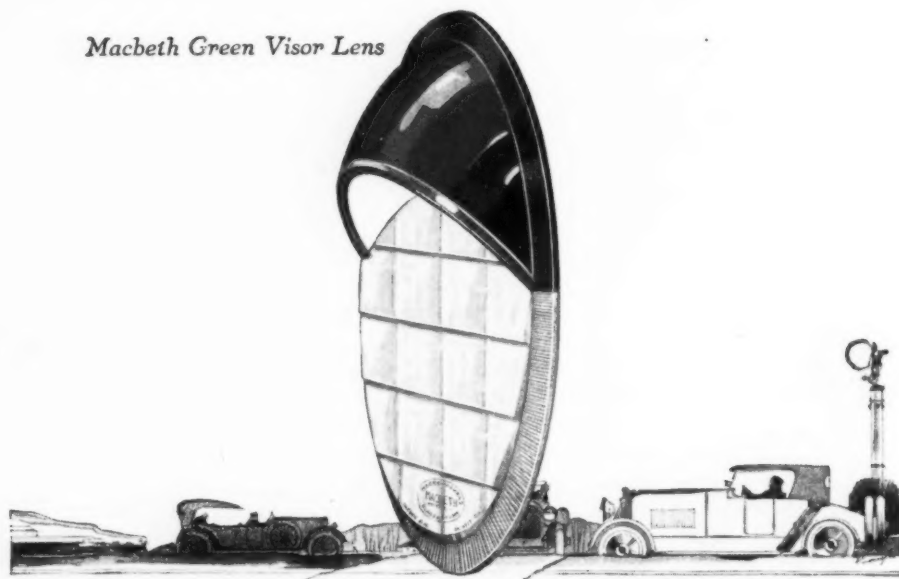
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P. 641



CARRYING ON!

Macbeth Green Visor Lens



MACBETH

A GENTLEMAN'S LENS

Principles!

Principles of science and of ethics combine in the Macbeth green visor lens. Scientific principles control and direct the light so that the strictest principles of courtesy are honorably observed.

No blinding barrier of glare obstructs the freedom of the road. Five horizontally inclined prisms bend the light downward in far shooting brilliance on the road. Four vertical cylindrical prisms behind them spread the light and make it uniform throughout the lighted area. All upward rays are re-directed down—no affronting beams escape to blind and dazzle.

On United States battleships and in lighthouses—on all makes of cars—Macbeth lenses give distinguished service. Add beauty to your car and safety to your driving with the green visor lenses. They distinguish and mark it the car of a gentleman.

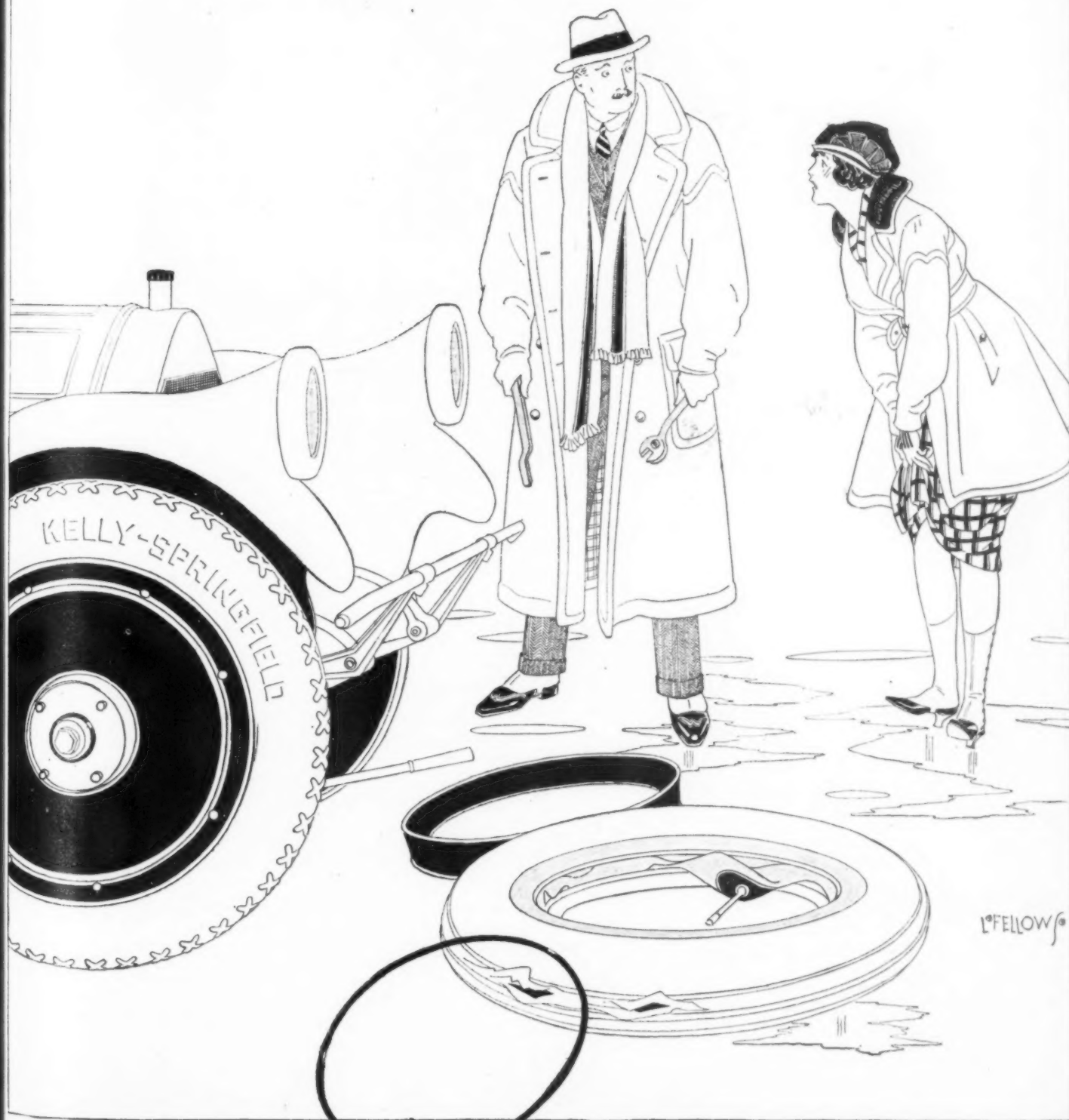


Price per Pair \$5.25—Denver and West \$5.75—Canada \$6.00—Winnipeg and West \$6.50

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco

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"Henry Wilson! How can you use such perfectly awful language? It's your own fault, anyway, for starting out with that cheap tire when you had a Kelly-Springfield in the garage."



"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar
is a smoke."

When Kipling wrote these immortal lines,
he little dreamed that it would be necessary to
issue a special number of *LIFE* in actual de-
fense of tobacco. Yet you will be reading the



It was said in the army that reading *LIFE*
contributed greatly to the contentment of the
men. It will have that effect on the whole
family. Better try a subscription and see.

*Smokes Number
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\$1.26). Send *LIFE*
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Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

Pitfalls

SHE was new to the great city, and the movement and glamour of it fascinated her. On one hand the constant stream of motor cars flashing past in the sunlight; on the other the great show windows, filled with all the exquisite things that man's brain might devise and woman's heart desire.

Yet she was not ignorant of the pitfalls and dangers that lurked in this gay metropolis. Aunt Mabel of Centerville had warned her well. Aunt Mabel had told her of the unscrupulous men who lay in wait, ready to take advantage of youth and innocence; their insidious ways, and the subtle temptations they offered to simple and unwary souls. These very things, spread before her in the shop windows—these were used as bait to entrap their victims.

Suddenly, as she was feasting her eyes on a display of filmy loveliness, her heart seemed to stand still. She saw, dimly reflected in the plate glass, a form approaching her from behind. She stood rooted to the spot, and her throat contracted with horror as a man's voice, just at her shoulder, began gently:

"Would you like—"

With an almost superhuman effort she wheeled and faced him. She was vividly conscious that he wore a cap with a red band.

"Would you like," he began again, politely, "to give something to the Salvation Army?"

Katharine Dunlap.



FOR
MEN
AND
WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SHOES

BOYS'
SHOES
\$4.50
\$5.00
\$5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. For twenty-six years it has been our practice to sell W. L. Douglas shoes in our own stores with only one profit. This has saved the wearers millions of dollars.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

President W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOE COMPANY,
181 SPARK STREET,
BROCKTON - MASS.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

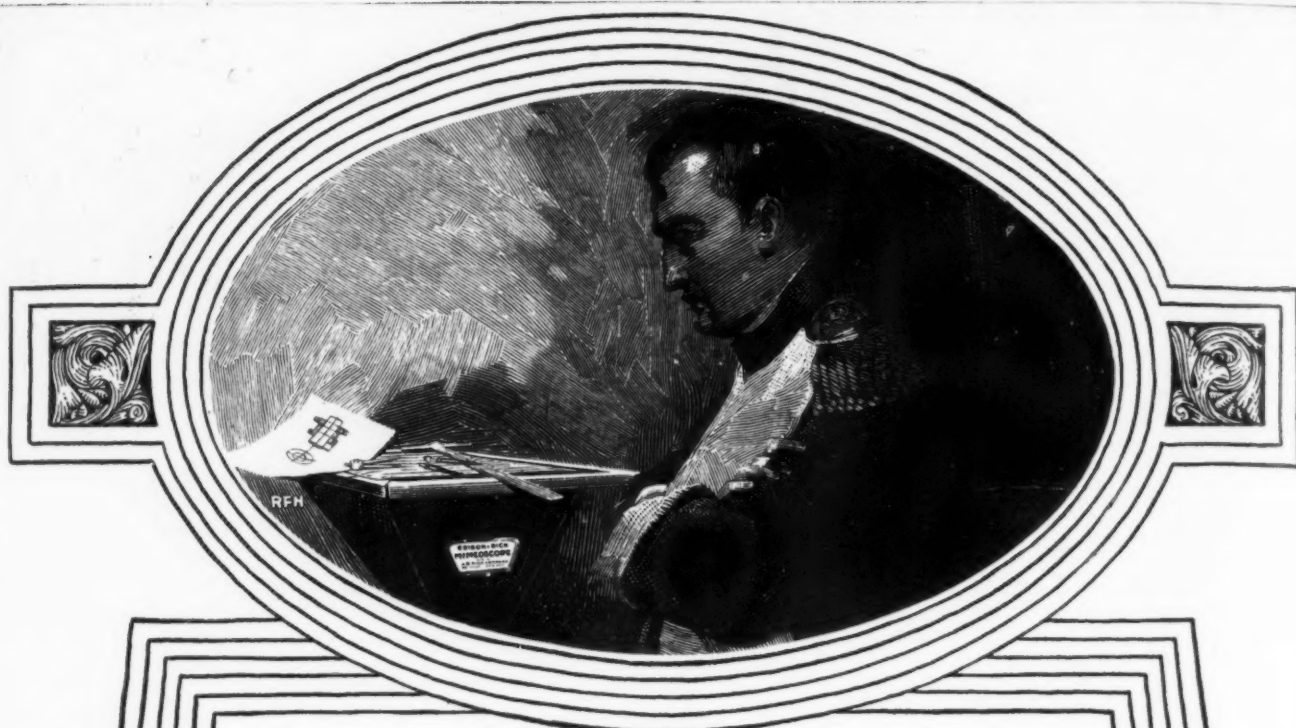
Waterman's Fountain Pen



Helps to say the right thing at the "write" time

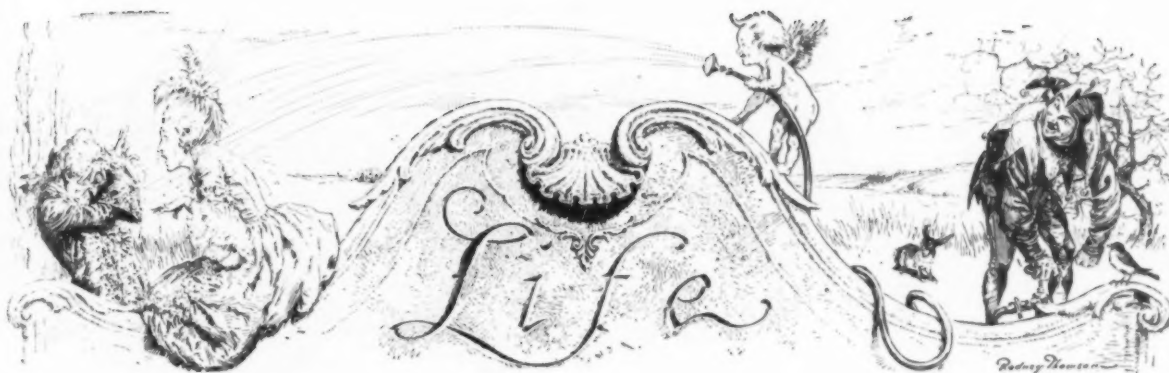


The Optimist: WELL, THE HORSE MIGHT HAVE BROKEN HIS LEG IF I HADN'T BEEN IN THE WAY



Picture-power! Could you tell how Napoleon looked if you had never seen his likeness? That new plan or design of yours—can you by mere words get other people to visualize it? You can quickly and easily put pictures or designs in your letters, bulletins, instruction sheets, etc., if you use the *Mimeoscope*, a simple contrivance which tremendously extends the usefulness of the Mimeograph. With its drawings, pictures, electrical and mechanical diagrams, designs, maps, plans, forms, etc., are traced upon the Dermatype stencil and speedily printed. No especial experience or skill required. Typewritten matter and drawings duplicated in one operation on the same sheet. No expensive plates, no type forms to set. Five thousand well-printed sheets an hour—and no time wasted in getting ready. Napoleon defeated the Austrians because, he said, they did not know the value of ten minutes. Here is an hour and a dollar saver. An idea well pictured is rarely forgotten. Booklet "W" tells you all about the Mimeoscope and the Mimeograph. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.





A Craftsman's Ambition

OF Craftsmen I would rather be
A silversmith, it seems to me,
And make those platters round and
great
That butlers bear through halls of
state
With pomp of bugles—borne on high
With sucking pigs and peacock pie.

And I would fashion for my trade
Such pieces as Cellini made—
Fair noble plates with hunting scenes
Of palfreys and slim-waisted queens,
And lordly tankards fit for kings,
And cups and candlesticks and things.

And articles of vanity
For dainty young Hermione
To use in powdering her nose
At matinees and other shows.
Quite needful, too, when Mrs. Gay
Goes forth accoutred for the fray.

And I would have among my works
Such common things as knives and
forks.

Of rare and classical design,
To give folk pleasure when they dine.

Bliss Carman.

Celebrity

THE spiritist people and a good
many others are of opinion that
invisible intelligences butt in freely in
the concerns of this world, putting
thoughts into our heads and providing
us with impulses.

Very likely; and if they do, they are
in luck and have a great advantage in
being invisible. Being so, they do not
have to advertise.

Visible people must advertise if they
are to accomplish much. They can do
it by putting pieces in the paper, by
remarks on billboards, or by signs and
wonders. Signs and wonders are sim-
ply a form of advertisement, done to

get people to believe the doer really
has some punch.

But having advertised successfully
and made oneself a celebrity, trouble
begins. The celebrity is discussed in
proportion to the importance of his
work. One squad practices to turn his

head with flatteries, the other to block
his game by opposition. And sooner
or later, usually, his head is turned and
his game blocked.

Lucky not to be a celebrity, but either
to be an invisible intelligence or work
as though one were one.



Billy (to his future brother-in-law): LOOK HERE! SIS IS CRYIN' LIKE
ANYTHING IN THERE. HAVE A HEART AN' LET HER OFF



"NOTHING DOING"

Notes on Current Noises

BY a letter printed in the *New Republic* of March 3rd, Bro. Charles Merz disassociates himself from the policy of that paper in so far as it is defined by the Hoover editorials of January 21st and February 4th.

Bro. Merz deposes that he saw neither of these editorials before they were published, because of absence from town. It is implied that he might have seen them if he had been on deck, and that implication is supported by the fact that his name is on the published list of the members of the *N. R.*'s editorial soviet.

That is all right. Bro. Merz is excused. He isn't sure that Hoover is right on the Plumb plan, the sedition bill and the Peace Treaty. Awful thought! Come across, Bro. Hoover!

But, after all, why be so meticulous? Must Hoover be right about everything!

* * *

Cardinal O'Connell, rushing in where common prudence fears to tread, has been saying that man is the head of the house, and should assert his proper authority in it. The papers quote him as thinking that men are getting soft and women hard, and as urging male Catholics in Boston to have more domestic pep.

Who but a bachelor, guaranteed the protection of that state, would venture on family advice on so large a scale! Of course the ideal home is the one in which the man exerts "his proper authority." But what is his proper

authority? The woman, who is the pulse of the machine, has also a proper authority and an obligation to exert it. The first thing a beginning husband has to do is to discover where his wife's proper authority leaves off and his begins.

And does the Cardinal realize, when he thinks he sees men getting soft, that the great reason for preferring men for bosses in the family is that they are so much gentler and easier than women? Man's great instruction, balance and discipline, is woman. Man's fitness to be boss is the fruit of suffering; of considering, hour by hour and day by day, how to contrive that there shall be peace and plain food in his dwelling, and that his wife shall be kind to him.

Where a boss is necessary, the choice is for the mildest person available who has the necessary punch; also for the person who will be most bored by bossing, and will reduce it to its least. In domestic life that person is usually the man.

* * *

Frank Crane says:

In the canticle of the ass you hear the soul utterance of all galley slaves, of all them that lie in prisons, of wretched life-flames sputtering out in stinking sweat shops.

Here is the cry of them that built the pyramids under the taskmaster's lash, the ant swarm that erected the Parthenon and the Cathedrals and laid out the gardens of Hadrian's villa.

Gosh! Does Bro. Frank suppose the cathedrals and the

Parthenon were built by ant swarms that worked in misery?

The Parthenon was only a little building, and was almost all brains. No ant swarm was needed for it. As for the cathedrals, we have been taught to suppose that if ever men were happy in their work, it was the men who built the cathedrals. What would Bro. Cram say to this suggestion of Bro. Crane that the cathedrals were not fruits of joy! Would he say Bro. Crane was braying?

* * *

Addressing a meeting of Methodist ministers on March 8th, dry-Bro. William H. Anderson told them that fast and loose play on the liquor question cost the Republicans the governorship in New York, "and in New Jersey, too, the carrying water on both shoulders resulted in a Democratic governor."

It was the New Jersey Republicans that carried the water and the Democratic candidate who got the vote. But if carrying water on both shoulders isn't fidelity to Prohibition, what is?

E. S. M.

OUR SPRING POET'S OBSERVATIONS



The lambs are gamb'ling on the green, and I shall let them play.



The Johnny-jump-ups jump about upon the new-mown hay.



The daffodils are daffy, and the bluebells gladly ring.



Where are the hops of yesteryear, this Prohibition spring?



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HITS ON A WONDERFUL SCHEME TO STIMULATE BUSINESS



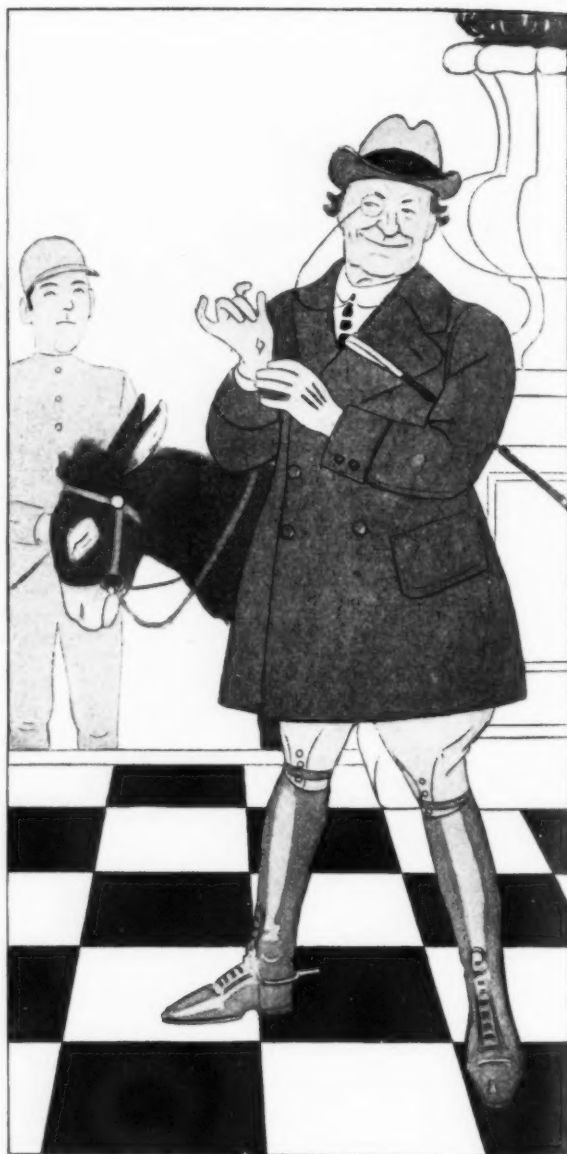
PALMER SLEUTHING COAT, WORN WITH GUM-SHOES AND FALSE WHISKERS

For Shame, Hartford!

WE are seriously beginning to wonder whether Hartford, with a reputation for being our wealthiest city in proportion to its population, ever really appreciated Mark Twain.

We have in the course of many years had occasion to ask a number of Hartford people what they thought of him, and their reply has usually been one either of cynical indifference or amused tolerance.

And now they tell us that Mark Twain's old home is being desecrated and turned into a flat, when there ought



ADVANCE STYLES—AUTUMN OF 1920

BRYAN RIDING TOGS FOR THE HABITUAL EQUESTRIAN

to be enough people in Hartford to preserve it as a permanent memorial to one of America's immortals. Certainly we haven't so many immortals in literature that we can afford to ignore their memories.

Was Joe Twitchell the only man in Hartford who really understood Clemens and knew his place in literature?

Friendly Advice

MR. PUFF: I really consider that wild son of mine to be a person of strong parts.

MR. MUFF: Why don't you send him somewhere to be assembled?



HOOVER LOUNGING ROBE FOR A FOOD DICTATOR



EVENING GOWN FROM THE GREAT M'ADOO SCREEN DRAMA, "VAMPING THE NOMINATION"

Authors' Dog Show

*Class in British Best Sellers,
Afternoon Session.*

DORAN'S ARNOLD BENNETT.
Short body with tail over long
cobby with sensuous lines on chest.
Ears well up. Low in legs. First in
his own limited class.

**BRENTANO'S KENNELS (JUDGING BY
POINTS) BERNARD SHAW.** Irish pedi-
greed mongrel. Snappy style. Over-
high in reach. Jaw well set. Girth

unknown. Sired by S. Butler. Fore-
front peppy. Awarded shavin' cup.

DOUBLEDAY'S CONRAD. Water re-
triever. Eyes well set in, deep mark-
ings on side, tail up to end, style unex-
ceptional. First in all classes.

(*Note to Contributors: Send in your
entry.*)

"S Higgins a member of the Greens
Committee?"

"I don't believe so. Some of the
members seem to like him."

O the Difference!

TELL us, Johnny," said the teacher,
"For I am sure you know
At least one of the differences
Between the ice and snow."

"One difference is plainly seen,"
Said little Johnny Bummer.
"The snow comes down in winter time,
But ice goes up in summer."

INVESTORS: Investigate securities
before investing in insecurities.



Proprietor of Great Paper (to would-be editorial writer): YOU SAY YOU HAVE MADE A SPECIALTY OF HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THEOLOGY. BUT HAVE YOU A SENSE OF HUMOR?
Applicant: I HAVE TO HAVE!

Hands Off

SHOULD the pulpit be made more attractive? The point is often debated.

Latest statistics show that of the one hundred and seventy thousand ministers now doing business in the United States only sixteen hundred and seventy-one—less than one complete minister in a hundred—paid an income tax. Few other industries can equal this record. Think what it means. It means that it takes approximately one hundred ministers and a fraction to pay one income tax. The fraction presumably is a curate. Judging from experience the task of paying the tax is in all probability assigned to the curate. The rest of the hundred have nothing to worry about. Can any other industry offer such inducements? And yet one hears talk of a ministers' union. Why not let well enough alone?



THE GARDEN ENTHUSIAST IS BEGINNING TO SEE THINGS ALREADY

In the Spring

IT was spring.

Murray, the poet, entered the car and took a seat beside me. Rare luck. Elegantly, and with ease, Murray would express for me all those pretty conceits about spring that I, perforce, keep bottled up in perpetuity.

"Have you ever known a more delightful spring day?" I began, my ear cocked for a rhapsody.

"Butter," said Murray sententiously, "is seventy-five cents a pound. Bacon still soars. My chuckle-headed grocer, I understand, buys a new car every three months. How it's all going to wind up gets me."

"Murray," I said reproachfully, "lovely spring is with us again. On such a day as this, you, of all men, should sound a loftier note."

"Spring is about the most overrated affair there is," snapped Murray. "Next week I'm going to work time-keeping in the brickyard, and I wish I were in Cochin China right now, chewing a betel nut."

I was glad, indeed, when Murray left me. The seat was taken by a dapper little man who entered into conversation with me directly. His clothes were superfine, and he sported a diamond that made me blink whenever I looked at it.

"What an adorable spring day!" said the dapper little man, beaming at me over his spectacles. "No other season seems so pregnant with life and promise and beauty. How futile appear all the petty undertakings of man, in the contemplation of Nature's greatest miracle, spring."

"A poet, sir?" I queried, with interest.

"Why, no," he replied, with something of a flutter. "I'm in the wholesale grocery business. But speaking of spring, doesn't it awaken—"

The train flashed into my station, and I took a hurried



THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL



St. Peter: GOODNESS! WHO ARE YOU?

"I'M THE HIGH COST OF LIVING."

leave of the grocer. I thought of Murray, and a startling conviction was borne upon me.

That afternoon I ordered two new suits from my tailor. He raved about spring for twenty-five minutes by the clock, and told me all about the "sighing Strephon."

I visited a real-estate agent, and paid him the balance due upon my property. The real-estate agent actually wanted to sing a song about the spring, but I wouldn't stop to hear him.

I paid the coal man his bill, and the coal man *recited*—about spring.

Then I called upon Murray, at his home. We had a heart-to-heart talk, and I saved him from the brickyard by the loan of a couple of hundred. I left him writing an Ode to Spring, which he assured me confidentially would live forever.

In the spring everything is rosy—provided you have the money.

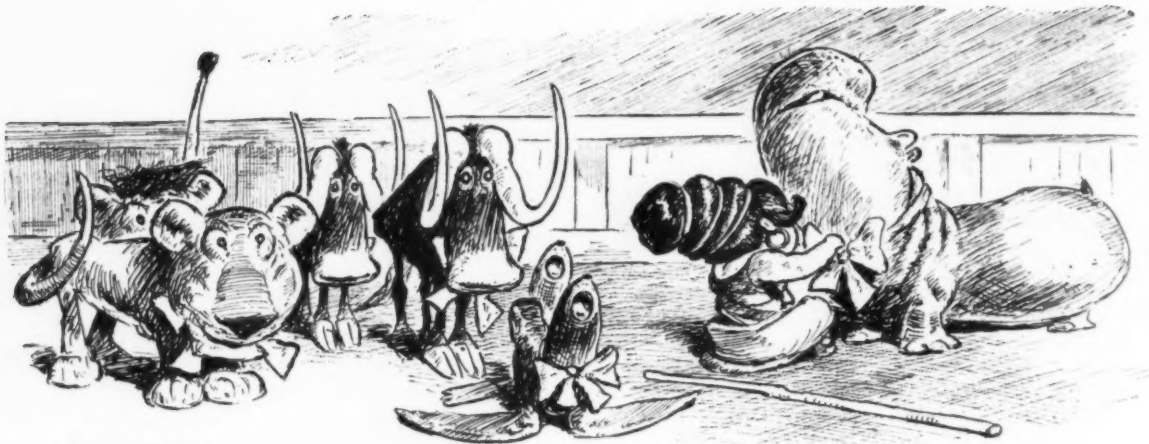
Joseph P. Hanrahan.

Panic

TED: Tom thought he was catching the "flu." Was he scared?

NED: Surest thing you know. He drank up all his reserve stock.

THERE is only one problem to-day, and that is, how to deal with the people who are trying to solve it.



MRS. NOAH ADDS THE FEMININE TOUCH

Essays and Essayists



WHEN a man fails as a poet, he writes essays; when he is unsuccessful in prose, he writes essays; rebuffed in any branch of literature, he writes essays. Aye, the artist turns from his daub to console himself with essays; the sculptor from his misshapen clay hies himself to the haven of essays.

Expression, it seems, every man must have; and if he is not endowed with oratory, nor the love for it, he must needs take to writing, cursing or fighting. But in writing he is further thwarted by the unappreciativeness of the vulgarians who practice the other two, and by those multitudes who compete with him in flights up Parnassus, in strophes, in rounded periods, in deeps of philosophic reasoning, and at last he is constrained to voice his indignation with things as they are through that always happy medium still left him, the essay.

Nowhere in the wide realms of literature and other writings has the essayist defined his essay. Why cannot he describe his own child? Is it because of its universal un-sameness and its universal utility, its tortoise-like rapidity of getting anywhere, and its ubiquity, its combined character of prelate and messenger boy?

It is both long and short, poetic and prosaic, witty and dull, humorous and pathetic, epigrammatic and discursive, logical and illogical, wise and foolish, naked and clothed in stolen garb, bacon and lamb. It may partake of genius, and be somewhat of all of these. Then we may not blame the father for not knowing his own child, and we may have discovered why the world is so indulgent to the essay in all its vagaries.

The feelings of an essayist whose essays are quoted by other essayists is that of a man whose selfish and unselfish desires are both granted. His is indeed felicity, as one in the ministry of a prosperous congregation. If there is such a being as a contented person, it should be the successful essayist.

Surrounded by crowded poverty, by elbowing mediocrity,

by isolated affluence, the essay, nevertheless, moves majestically on, that cocksure gentleman of the arts to whom it is impossible to say nay.

Nicholas Deacon.



"HENRY, I THINK YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY WRONG ABOUT THAT FURNITURE."

"YES, DEAR."

"AND ALSO ABOUT THE SHADE OF WALL PAPER WE WANT."

"CERTAINLY."

"HENRY JONES! IF YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE SOCIABLE, I'M GOING TO BED!"

Good Measure, We Hope

FEARING that some of our over-exacting readers may feel that we are not keeping alive the true spirit of modern literature by using the words "meticulous" and "gesture" as much as others, we hereby dispose of these words, once and for all:

"Uttering a low-set cry of anguish, she gestured toward him."

"His meticulous accents were almost more than she could bear."

"His gesture did not escape her. She faced him meticulously."

"Trotzky's last gesture was not lost upon the meticulous Lenine."

"Over Mr. Wilson's past record the student of history must not be too boisterous; yet his gestures, sincere as many of them have been, cannot be passed over in meticulous silence."

"The telephone directory before us has about it an air of meticulous cacophony which we cannot too highly praise; yet, as we note on page 219 that there is after our own house number an *m* instead of an *r*, we confess to a gesture of despair."

"You are meticulous this evening," she adumbrated."

"You utterly mistake my true gesture," he juxtaposed."

New Authors for Old Books

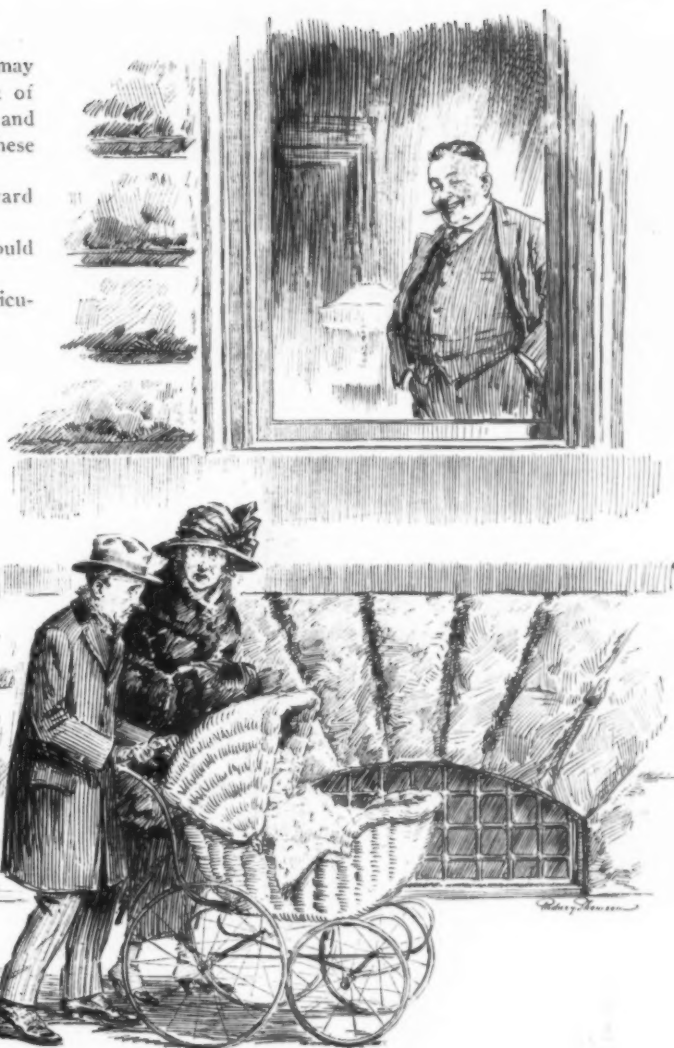
AS YOU LIKE IT, by a Hack Writer.
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, by H. C. L.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, by a Working-Man.

God's Fool, by Billy Sunday.

Roughing It, by an American Traveler.

Seats of the Mighty, by a Baseball Fan.



HE JESTS AT SCARS WHO NEVER FELT A WOUND

Democratizing Murder

SHALL we have a law against scare headings?

The bill which an assemblyman wants the New York legislature to pass would make it a crime for a newspaper to print a headline more than one column wide over a murder story or the story of a murder trial. Why isn't this a good beginning?

The records do not show what kind of a headline the *Eden Daily Scream* carried on its front page the day Cain killed Abel, but it is well known that the daily papers have been drifting away from the old Old Testament make-up and that the once popular one-column murder is becoming a rarity. Thus the murder industry in America to-day is largely in the hands of the favored few who, by reason of their social position, wealth or importance in the community, can command three-, four-, five- and even eight-column headlines any time they take it into their heads to go out and get rid of somebody. Millions of plain citizens are just as well qualified, and should have equal rights.



A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE



"TO-MORROW, MY DARLINGS, YOUR EYES WILL BE OPENED AND YOU WILL SEE YOUR BEAUTIFUL PAPA!"

Etiquette That Influences You

(After a Course of Treatment at the Movies)

IF you are a business man, always appear at directors' meetings in full evening dress.

Never take off your hat in the house, no matter who you are or what the house is, or the hat.

Always jump into bed with your clothes on. Same when taking a bath—unless you are a perfect lady.

When breakfasting with your wife, push the newspaper in her face half the time, while gulping down your coffee the other half.

In case you happen to be a gentleman, always wear a coat with slit side pockets that are at an angle of forty-five degrees.

When a lady, or ladies, enter the room, do not forget to keep your seat.

When giving a dinner party have the table furnishings planned by the local haberdasher or hardware man.

THE insurance companies are thinking seriously of classifying the "innocent bystanders" under "hazardous occupations."

Caste

IT was Saturday night, and nearly closing time in the little corner grocery. The proprietor was in the back room, shining his shoes, while his fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk waited on a belated customer.

Presently the clerk came back to where the proprietor was just putting the finishing touches to his left shoe.

"Say, Mr. Brown," he said, "I'd like to get off a few minutes early, so I can get a shine before the barber shop closes."



SHE

People's Platform

THE Republican National Committee is going to call in the women to help make its platform. Chairman Hays thinks that platforms should now be written in advance, instead of during the stress of convention. With more care the possibility of getting in anything too definite will thus be avoided. It is doubtful, however, whether this sort of preparation will make our platforms any more readable. In practice a party platform is merely a bid for votes. Few people pay any attention to it.

What is really needed is a people's

platform. It need consist of only one sentence, which comprehends about everything necessary, namely:

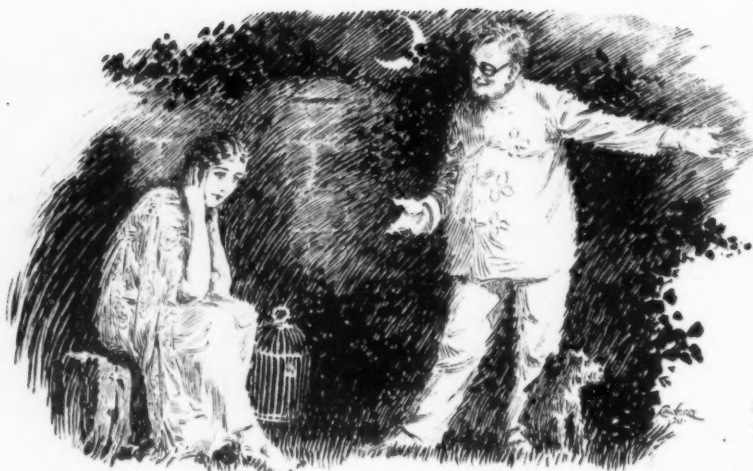
"Know the man you vote for."

When the voters adopt this platform and live up to it, Democracy will be safe for Democracy.

HAS your son come home from college yet?"

"I imagine so—I haven't seen my car for the past two weeks."

SONG suggested for the 1920 college reunions: "For It Once Was Far Wetter When Good Fellows Got Together."



The Optimist (whose house is burning): WHY, JUST THINK, MY DEAR! THIS WILL SOLVE OUR SERVANT PROBLEM!

Getting Jimmy Off for His Music Lesson

AW, mother, not yet! Just lemme stay out a little longer—just five minutes. Just *one* minute? Aw, gee!

Get ready? Why, ain't I all right to go this way? Why not? Aw, gosh, not my *shirt*!! Yes, I see those edges on the cuffs, but I can keep my coat sleeves down over them. Gee whiz, you're pertickler! Why do you have to see my shoes? I did black them, just yesterday.

Yes, I'm all done washing; no, I *didn't* hurry too much. Lemme alone—my neck's *all right*! Well, I'm sure I don't know why those dark places are on my hands, when I just washed them. Ouch! Don't brush my hair so *hard*! Well, the place that sticks up is right over that bump, so that's why I couldn't brush it there. No, I haven't done my nails yet; I was just getting ready to, when you made me wash my hands again.

I don't need anything. Well, then, just a sweater, not my overcoat. Aw, gee! No, I don't know where my gloves are; I don't need them, anyhow. Gosh, not my *rubbers*! Aw, mother! The mud isn't very deep, and it takes about a year to put the darn things on. Gee whiz!

Well, g'bye! Yes, I *am* hurrying. Well, I'm gonna start right off, soon as I speak to Bill a minute; he's right up at the corner, and he might be going my way. Aw, why not?

Well, s'long!

(Departs, with the hug and smile that cancel all his sins, and a great peace settles upon the household.)

"Going Up"

SMITH: Do you realize that we are beholding the completion of a great cycle in history?

JONES: Explain.

"Three hundred and six years ago the island of Manhattan was bought from the Indians for six quarts of whisky."

"Well?"

"Well?—Within six months, maybe, the descendants of those Indians will be able to buy it back for the same price."

P. & R.

By Our Inspirational Expert

NOTHING is ever really accomplished without preparation and revision. Those who have achieved a reputation in any direction will always be found expert in these two particulars. The noted wit anticipates beforehand the interviews he has and studies his replies. The same principle is true of him as of the great general—they put themselves in the place of the other man, and by means of imagination and meditation arrive at what he will say and do under all circumstances. They are thus prepared. Meeting emergencies is but previous preparation.

Where the result is not perfect, the wise man revises for the next occasion. Perfection, in short, is never approached but through a large series of experiments—due in each case to preparation and revision.

No Chance

BILL: I hear that Jones always saves the Christmas presents people give him and gives them back the following year.

PHIL: I hope he does that to me. I gave him a quart of brandy in 1918.



"DO YOU ALWAYS DO YOUR MARKETING HERE?"
"YES, I'VE DEALT WITH THESE PEOPLE FOR YEARS. IT'S SO MUCH NICER TO BE ROBBED BY SOMEONE YOU KNOW."

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He: HORRIBLE BORE, ISN'T IT—AN AFFAIR LIKE THIS?

She: ARE YOU AWARE THAT I AM THE HOSTESS?

"NO; BUT I WAS RATHER AFRAID AT FIRST, FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, THAT YOU MIGHT NOT
AGREE WITH ME."



APRIL 8, 1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE papers report complaints among Democrats in Washington because President Wilson does not disclose his intentions for or against a third term.

But why should he disclose them? Is it necessary?

Does anyone dream that he will run again, or wish to?

He is just getting out after months of confinement, during which no one outside of his immediate family has known precisely what ailed him or how badly he had it, or how much better he would ever be. No one now knows to what extent he will recover; probably no one can tell. He is evidently better, and is able to drive out and see a few people, and attend to necessary public business, but he is still so obviously invalidated that, with the conventions less than three months off, it seems odd that the Congressional Democrats should want him formally to renounce all claim to another term in the White House.

But he has been so completely the visible intelligence of the Democratic party for seven years that perhaps the party should now have a certificate of release from him, and perhaps, also, a suggestion as to what to do with its freedom. There is a Democratic precedent for such counsel to his party from a President who nears the end of his second term, and possibly Mr. Wilson is thinking it over.

But what can he say?

To say that he won't run again is easy, if he thinks it desirable and not

superfluous so to commit himself. But beyond that—what? Is he Samson with his hair cut? Hardly that. He still is President and he still has power of speech, and though the Treaty that he toiled for with the League that his hopes were centered in has been beaten in the Senate, and seems likely to stay beaten, it has still for its idea and the most important of its provisions great popular backing.

And he has himself a great popular backing, and though he is physically damaged and probably at the end of his career as an active political leader, if he has a message it will not lack attentive hearers.



MARK SULLIVAN says that Governor Lowden has been a disappointment in campaigning for the Republican nomination in the northwest, because the main topic of his speeches has been the budget system, and though that is an excellent thing, his audiences have not found it filling. They want to know what's going to happen to the country and the world, and when Governor Lowden lectures to them on the budget system it leaves them with the feeling of having imbibed a discourse that had no kick in it.

Mark says the northwest is interested in politics, but very apathetic about politicians. Politics looks very big to it, and politicians negligible. Hoover looks rather good to it, and none the worse for not being identified with any

party. Northwesterners do not wish to go back to old-school politics. They cannot get excited over old-time issues. No one is ready to get excited about them and shout party cries, except the professional politicians, who do it because it is what they know how to do. They understand something about government and how to fill offices, and how to raise money by taxation and spend it so that people will vote right next time. And they think they know more or less about legislation and what laws will win votes and what laws won't. But matters of that sort, though useful in politics in ordinary times, do not carry sail enough for these early days of a new era. The voters' minds want stronger food. Prohibition interests every one more or less, and may get into the campaign, but the great issue of all is the issue of the war—What did we really accomplish and what must we do next?

There is no use of talking about the budget system or any such matter until the voters reach some understanding about the conditions and prospects of the world. What next? Is this present peace to which these states are not as yet formally a party going to last, or is there to be a lot more violent disturbance? Are things working out and improving, or are they getting worse? Have we done our duty by Europe or is there more to do? Must we have universal service and a huge navy or shall all the world be able to retrench with safety in military expenditure?

And the Treaty—was it good or bad? Should we have gone in for it or should we stay out? Should we reject the senators who rejected the Treaty or should we build monuments to them?



THESE things are bound to be discussed, and to get into the campaign unless they are put in the way of settlement before it begins. They are being discussed now. The *New Republic* takes the ground that it was necessary to defeat Mr. Wilson's Treaty in order that Mr. Wilson's ideas as expounded in the Fourteen Points might be saved. William Hard

in that intelligentsious journal, glorifies the fourteen Irreconcilables (one for each point) who kept the United States out of an alliance of moneys, just as a century ago England was kept out of an alliance of monarchs. William Hard thinks the Irreconcilables did a very great job. He glories in it.

Mr. Paul Cravath, at a meeting, says the Treaty must be rewritten more or less on the lines suggested by Mr. Keynes, and Mr. Miller, who was legal adviser to the American band of treaty-makers, declare that the peace made by the Treaty is a peace of equity and fairness and "the nearest approach to justice ever reached by humanity."

In another and quite unexpected quarter the Treaty finds an able defender. General Francis Vinton Greene devoted a page of the *New York Times* on March 28th to the views of Mr. Keynes, whose book on the economic consequences of the Treaty has had the right of way in Treaty discussion for the last two months. General Greene thinks well of Mr. Keynes' book as a piece of writing, and nothing at all of it as an argument against the Treaty. He denies pretty much everything Mr. Keynes said about Mr. Wilson, denies that Mr. Wilson was bamboozled in Paris, denies that his mind was slow, declares that he sized up the situation in Paris immediately, recognized instantly that "anything like a peace without victory was out of the question," and concentrated his strength on efforts to intertwine the League of Nations inextricably with the terms of reparation and territorial adjustments. We may like the League or not, General Greene says, "but it is interwoven in the Treaty, and Wilson did it exactly as he had planned."



ALL these wise men and experts are not wasting their valuable time discussing a dead issue. The Treaty will get into the campaign unless it is settled sooner. If it stays in the case it is in now, somebody who wants it and believes in the League of Nations will run against someone who doesn't want it and believes that so far as we are concerned the League is good riddance.



"HUMPH! MUDLIN' AN' PUDDLIN' AROUND AN' GITLIN' NOWHERE. KIND O' REMINDS A FELLER O' CONGRESS."

And may the best man and the best cause win!

But the world is not going to wait for us to hold an election next November. It is going right on doing what it can as it can and substituting fact for conjecture all over its surface. What will have happened to Ireland, what to Syria, what to Turkey, what to Russia, before we go to the polls is far beyond prediction, and of course, our belated entry into the League—if we ever go into it—will not undo what has happened. That we are not in it yet is itself a great fact. That we have been kept out by a minority of the Senate representing a still smaller minority of the people is also highly interesting, but nothing out of common, for countries are governed, and wars are made and peace is made by people who have the offices and the power.



THE Senate had power to reject the Treaty, but it has not power to make peace with Germany, and something curious may come out of that inability.

It has confirmed Mr. Colby as Secretary of State, much to the relief of intending travelers who want passports.

It has also confirmed Mr. Charles R.

Crane as Ambassador to China, which is highly interesting in view of Mr. Crane's former experience in being chosen as our representative in China when Mr. Knox was Secretary of State, and being called back by Mr. Knox. Mr. Crane has deep concern about Asia, east and west, and an unusual gift of fellowship with her peoples. In him all the Orient has a friend, and China will see in his appointment a token of friendship.

And Mr. Morgenthau, an astute man, practised by his service in Turkey in the handling of diplomatic difficulties, succeeds Mr. Fletcher as Ambassador to Mexico, where, possibly, something of importance can be accomplished in a year. For Mr. Wilson to leave Mexico in such a case that she can be let alone would be one of the considerable achievements of his presidential career. He has won for that country a chance to have a revolution and get over it without interference. Circumstances have greatly helped him, just as they have helped Russia to experiment in a similar way on a very much greater scale. Now if Mexico will only make a good recovery while she still has a chance, it will be another case of the *vis medicatrix naturae* confusing the doctors.

As for Russia, things begin to sound as though her case was improving also. To her, it may be that our Senate's long delay has been useful.



From Opposite End of the



ANGUS MAC DONALD



Symptoms of Spring Fever



NOT often does a girl-and-music show provide anything but the sheerest, unreasoning appeal to the senses of sight and hearing, most frequently shocking or tiring both. The trivial title, "What's in a Name?" suggested nothing out of the ordinary in this line of entertainment, so it was surprising to find, so heralded, a quite unusual amount of really interesting material. First off, the piece has a satirical thread on which are strung its great quantity of striking effects. There are girls and music in the usual liberal supply, but they are utilized with a rare accompaniment of brains. Transparent curtains and novel lighting—some of the latter at times very bad—are combined to produce results that are much out of the ordinary and most pleasing. Someone with artistic feeling has used these resources of the girl-and-music industry with exceptional intelligence. It also took a new kind of appreciation to add to a girl-and-music show the ability of Beatrice Herford and the kind of material shown in Mr. Jay Kauffman's cameo playlets. The ballet entitled "A Young Man's Fancy," the dance, "The Silver Bubble," and the feature showing a succession of different epoch brides all strike a new and delightful note in entertainment of this sort. In so far as Mr. John Murray Anderson is responsible for it all, he is the benefactor of a jaded public.

The incessant and unflinching patrons of the girl-and-music show may get a jolt when they see anything with so much originality as is displayed in "What's in a Name?" but the jolt will do them good.



THE machinery of spiritualistic trickery is pretty well exposed in Mr. Fred Jackson's melodrama, "The Hole in the Wall," but the exposure, as in the case of Signora Palladino, is nullified with the same piffing explanation that, in spite of the trickery, the dead choose these grafting crooks as mediums of communication with their bereaved relatives. To the extent that it perpetuates this belief and endorses the swindling of spiritualism, "The Hole in the

Wall" is a highly immoral play. However, the play is not likely to convince anyone of anything. It is so full of inaccuracies and improbabilities that, in spite of some humor and some melodramatic ingenuity, it discredits all that it attempts to assert in behalf of spiritualism. As an instance of its glaring inaccuracy, the author makes the plot hinge on the heroine having recently served a term at Sing Sing prison. In fact there have been no female prisoners at Sing Sing for almost twenty years. The play is mildly amusing along pretty well exhausted melodramatic lines, and that is all.

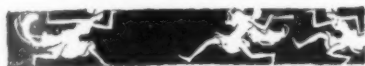


THE best solution of the housing problem yet suggested is that provided by the baby kangaroo at the Barnum-Bailey-Ringling circus. In his mother's pouch he finds not only board and lodging, but traveling accommodations with opportunities for looking out and observing what is going on in the outside world. He has all the comforts of home combined with the facilities of a touring car. In addition he is a bright-eyed and attractive little individual quite worth going to see. And of course he is only a small fraction of the big circus which, in spite of its age as an institution, manages to keep quite up-to-date in novelties. So long as the birthrate con-



PRODUCTS OF THE FARM

tinues anywhere near normal a new constituency is provided for the annual visit of the circus every year, to say nothing of the perpetual audience of young oldsters who can no more resist the smell of the peanuts and sawdust than can the turned-out ring horse keep inside the pasture fence when he sees the painted wagons going along the country road. Even jaded New York regularly yields to the circus lure, and in this year of abundant money Madison Square Garden isn't big enough to hold all the metropolitan rubes who want to get in.



WHY the "Medea" of Euripides, or, for that matter, any Greek tragedy, in modern theatrical production? As presented at the Garrick by Mr. Maurice Browne, all that is left of the original is the text, and even that is in translation. In no way is it instructive as a revival of anything from ancient Greece. In theatrical representation it must rest simply on its attractiveness as modern entertainment exploiting the ideas of its producers. A semblance of architecture

and an approximation of costume do not make the thing Greek or suggest the early method of representation. Collegians, out of a sense of scholarly duty or curiosity, might be expected to be interested, but why the general public should care for these things, or be expected to care for them, is a mystery, and, as a fact, the general public doesn't care a continental obstruction for them. Anyone who wants to know the Greek drama can get a far better idea of it from reading it in translation than by hearing it faultily declaimed to an accompaniment of modern electric lighting effects such as the Greeks never even imagined and with a chorus sublimated from that of the opera. Done in the open under the auspices of a university, the plays have a problematical educational value, but in the theatre they are more depressing than interesting or entertaining. However, to paraphrase the saying of a great man who was not entirely a Philistine, for those who like this sort of thing the "Medea" is just the sort of thing they would like. Yet it remains that in this form of presentation it is neither classic nor modern drama. *Metcalf.*

Confidential Guide.

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Astor.—"East Is West." Chinese San Francisco scene of well acted international drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter." Melodrama of Chinese political plotting, well staged, with New York's Chinatown for a background.

Belmont.—"The Passion Flower" with Nance O'Neill.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board," by Mr. Crane Wilbur. Notice later.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Costume melodrama of the early Napoleonic era, light and amusing.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. Romantic and sentimental play, well acted, with a touch of spiritualistic influence.

Casino.—"My Golden Girl." Customary kind of girl-and-music show.

Century.—Revival of "Floradora." Notice later.

Central.—"As You Were," with Mr. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni. Girl-and-music show of the conventional type.

Cohan.—"The Hotentot," with Mr. William Collier. Farce comedy, frothy to the last degree, but highly amusing.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal." Crime melodrama calculated to make the spectator temporarily forgetful of everything else.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," with Clifton Crawford. Laughable and well acted farce comedy.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." An inspiring stage picture of momentous events in the history of our country.

Criterion.—"The Letter of the Law," with Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Very interesting and

well acted drama with a plea for the victim of legal injustice.

Empire.—"Declassée," with Ethel Barrymore. Anglo-American society play, interesting and well done.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," starring Florence Moore. A fun-making artist making the best of a not very good medium for her abilities.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." Elaborate forest-fire scene the distinctive feature of a melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Mr. Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield. Fun-producing stars the main reliance of a not bad girl-and-music show.

Fulton.—"Mamma's Affair." The lady hypochondriac satirically and amusingly pictured in well acted comedy.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Reno and its divorces made funny in well played comedy of character.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." Excellent portrayal of rather unimportant events in English middle-class life.

Matinees of "Medea." See above.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." Most musical and dainty of the girl-and-music shows.

Greenwich Village.—"Sophie," with Emily Stevens. Costume comedy with French atmosphere, not half so wicked or witty as it pretends to be.

Harris.—"Three Showers" with Anna Wheaton. Notice later.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," with Blanche Bates and Mr. Henry Miller. Agreeable and well-acted satirical comedy aimed at the American woman who simply has to be in the public lime-light.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." The largest kind of a proposition in the way of ballet, spectacle and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"Clarence." An amusing depiction of young America in the semi-suburbs.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." Delightful comedy with its types drawn from the Cape Cod folks.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat," with Ada Lewis and Mr. John E. Hazzard. Girl-and-music show with an unusual amount of clean fun.

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon." The gloomy side of American farm life depicted with photographic accuracy.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." The disease of family extravagance laughingly cured with a comedy prescription.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire. Diverting and well staged study of some phases of chorus-girl life in New York.

Lyric.—"His Honor, Abe Potash" with Mr. Barney Bernard. The senior partner of the famous firm gets into politics with amusing results.

Madison Square Garden.—The Barnum-Bailey-Ringling Brothers Circus. See above.

Marine Elliott's.—"What's in a Name?" See above.

Morocco.—"Sacred and Profane Love" with Elsie Ferguson. Rather incredible but interesting sex drama, well played.

Park.—Pleasant revivals of popular light operas.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing" with Jeanne Eagles. Not remarkable play of English domesticity and villainy with a congenial part for the star.

Plymouth.—"Richard III" with Mr. John Barrymore. A different but quite worth seeing production and a most interesting impersonation.

Princess.—"Mrs. Jimmie Thompson" with Elsie Adler. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—"The Hole in the Wall," by Mr. Fred Jackson. See above.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." Melodrama of sex and crime, ingeniously constructed and well played.

Schoen.—"Buddies." Romance in a musical setting with the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. The movies rather amusingly transferred to the speaking stage.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal." Witty and well played sex comedy.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Novel effects in an unusually clever girl-and-music show.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." Large quantities of girl-and-music delight for the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Dinner, supper and light divertissement of excellent quality.



Infant Prodigy: MOTHER, AREN'T THESE STAGE-DOOR JOHNNIES ANNOYING!

Ode to the New York State Debt



AN Ode
May not seem à la mode;
And yet
The lyric code
Pronounces that an Owed
Is due a Debt.

Dear, dear Expensive Debt,
Debt of the Empire State,
To you I ululate,
For you I bow my clarinet,
O Truly Great!
And while I cannot hide
(Forgive my Local
Pride!)

That our own Gotham owes a Big Round
Billion,
With all civility,
Sweet Liability,
I'll praise your generous Two Hundred
Million!
Three cheers!—
Illustrious Arrears!

Stupendous Obligation,
What scheme of Augmentation,
What Enterprise Unbounded made you
grow?

For, only five-and-twenty years ago,
Six Hundred Dollars and but Sixty more

Was all your score
And now?—
Ah, how
I worship you!—and, meanwhile, drop a
tear
Because I was not born a Financier!

Reveal, reveal! our good Comptroller's
Pet,
What made you such a Creditable Debt?
How much of you is due for Feasts and
Shows,
For Capitols with Domes and Porticoes
And Marble Wings?
How much of you is due for Jobs and
Deals,
Canal-improvement Graft and Highway
Steals
And suchlike things?
How much of you is due for Trumped-up
Claims,
How much for Legislative Bunko Games
Adroit and deft?
How much of you can we show value
for?
How much of you spells Waste, and how
much more
Plain Theft?

Magnificent Arrearage,
Tell, I pray you,

As there must be a clearance,
Who's to pay you?

Since Millionaires—the miserly old cod-
gers!—
Are all (the Press declares) Confirmed
Tax-Dodgers,
And We the People (who would love to
settle)
Are sadly destitute of precious metal
And current legal tender,—of a verity,
We'll have to turn you over to Pos-
terity!—

Posterity!—for whom we oft profess
Such depths of tenderness;
Posterity!—to whom we dedicate
The Books this Era can't appreciate;
Posterity!—to whom we leave the work
That we so gaily shirk,—
No matter that you didn't help to make it,
This Precious Debt is yours—here,
take it!

Hopeful Posterity,
Wishing prosperity
To thee we trill:
We'll burn your Oaks and Pines,
Waste all your Wells and Mines,
And, for our monkey-shines,
Send you the bill!

Arthur Guiterman.



SOUR GRAPES.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER HAS A GUSHING GARGOYLE.



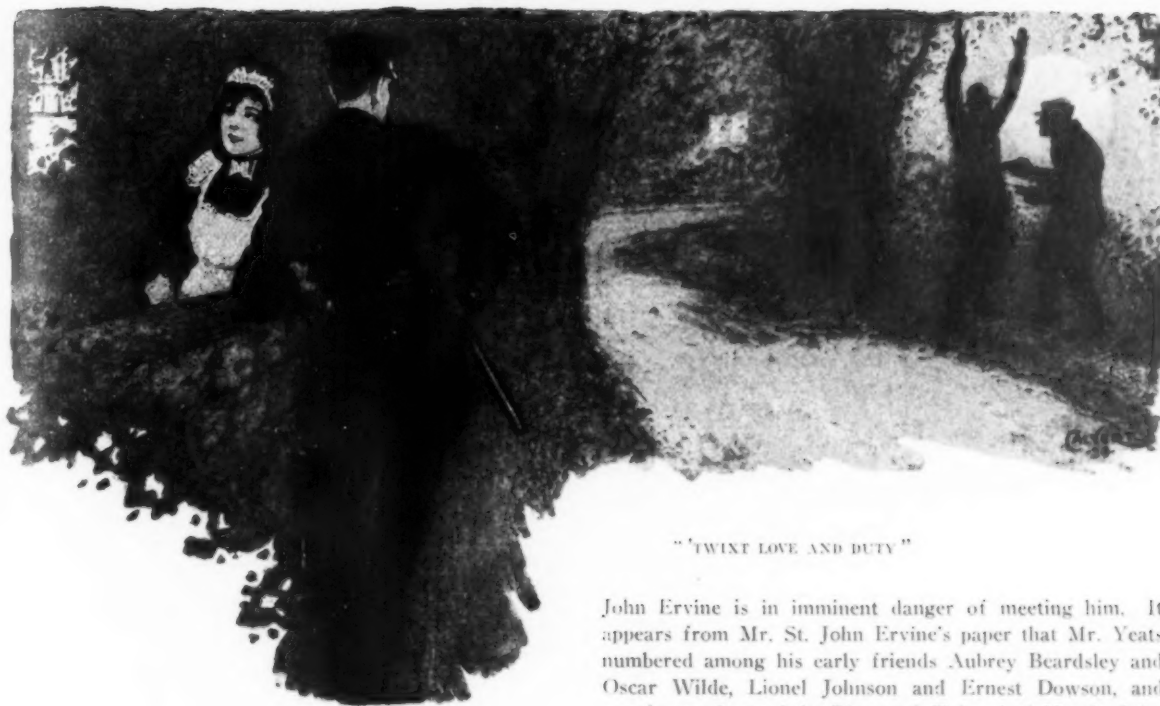
THE HIGH COST OF DYING.



F.T. RICHARDS.

RUDDERLESS.

"NOT ACCEPTABLE."



"TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY"

Self-Exposure

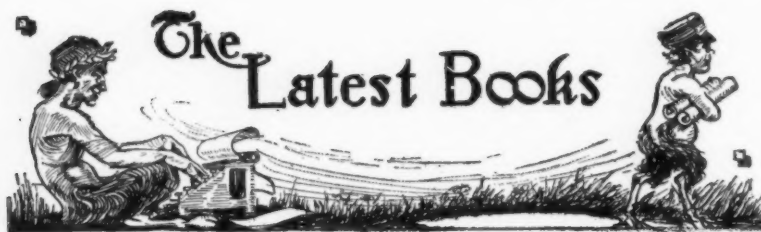
ONCE upon a time it was held to be one of the distinctive characteristics of a gentleman that he did not make public the confidences he might receive in the privacy of friendship. The rule was relaxed only when the confider had been long in his grave and when, therefore, there was no indiscretion in recording his casual utterances. It was never relaxed while the confider was still living, more especially when the remarks credited to him were not creditable to him. Certain things have happened of late to make us wonder whether this standard of good taste and kindly feeling is not in danger of falling into innocuous desuetude, because of the constraint it puts upon those who like to stand up in the market place to retail tittle-tattle. One of the things that have happened is the publication in an American periodical of a series of "Impressions of My Elders," by Mr. St. John Ervine, author of that masterpiece of gloom, *John Ferguson*. In two successive instalments of his indiscretions, Mr. St. John Ervine is frank in giving us his recollections of his familiar talks with Mr. W. B. Yeats, blazoning to the public not a few opinions which Mr. Yeats had probably no intention of proclaiming now. Mr. Yeats is not dead yet; in fact, he is alive in the flesh and in these United States, where Mr. St.

John Ervine is in imminent danger of meeting him. It appears from Mr. St. John Ervine's paper that Mr. Yeats numbered among his early friends Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde, Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson, and certain members of the Rhymers' Club. And Mr. St. John Ervine tells us that Mr. Yeats said to him that most of these young friends of his youth "died of drink or went out of their minds." Apparently Mr. Yeats, when he was a young man, was neither judicious nor particular in selecting his associates. Apparently, also, he has not learned wisdom with the years.

B. M.



"RUN OUTSIDE, WILLIE; FATHER IS GOING TO TRY AND GET CENTRAL"



On the Bookshelves

SAID Bennett to Shaw, "You do nothing but jaw!"

"That's so good you should pen it," said Shaw unto Bennett.

Said Lowell to Masters, "I love your disasters."

"Thanks for this bestowal," said Masters to Lowell.

Said Wells unto Burke, "Pray, explain how you work."

"I find just what sells," then said Burke unto Wells.

Said Akins to Wharton, "Your plots are so thwartin'."

"Huh! Yours are but rakin's," said Wharton to Akins.

Said Leacock to Walpole, "You're not such a tall pole."

"While you're but a peacock," said Walpole to Leacock.

Said Cobb unto Wodehouse, "You're base as a roadhouse."

"That pleases the mob," remarked Wodehouse to Cobb.

Said Doyle unto Lodge, "From your stand do not dodge."

"Never fear; we've struck oil," said Lodge unto Doyle.

Harvey Peake.

EVANDER, by Eden Phillpotts. (The Macmillan Company.) Delicate satire of human traits and human customs, particularly marriage, in the shape of a story of rural Italy in the days when men might meet Bacchus or the shining Apollo.

The Tall Villa, by Lucas Malet. (George H. Doran Company.) An exquisite story of a ghostly lover, partly spoiled by a stilted, affected style.

Snake-Bite and Other Stories, by Robert Hichens. (George H. Doran Company.) Six tales—two of the desert, one of a woman with a gift of healing, one of spiritualistic fraud, one a tale of horror, by far the best; and the sixth a mere sketch derived from the war. An interesting book.

Happily Married, by Corra Harris. (George H. Doran Company.) Mrs. Harris's typical "silent, vigilant, thought-

ful" married woman faces the problem of a mildly erring husband—and solves it, though the Georgia town shakes to its social foundations.

The Survival of Man, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (George H. Doran Company.) New edition of a book published in 1909. It presents samples of the evidence for telepathy, clairvoyance and communication with the dead on which the author's spiritualistic convictions were reached.

Modes and Morals, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Essays on culture, clothes, temperament, truth, the English Novelists' Syndicate, Rudyard Kipling, and other topics, by a woman who writes better essays than short stories.

Raymond Robins's Own Story, by William Hard. (Harper & Bros.) Col. Robins's experiences in dealing with the Russian Bolsheviks while carrying on Red Cross work, and his deductions therefrom. He thinks Bolshevism all wrong, but says they met squareness with squareness.

Between You and Me, by Sir Harry Lauder. (James A. McCann Company.) Autobiographical. Everyone who likes Lauder will enjoy it.

Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, by Edmund Gosse. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Suave, elegant prose distilling the wisdom of a half-century spent over other men's books. Sixteen essays with

a range from Sir Walter Raleigh to the biographer, Lytton Strachey. Poe, Sterne, Wordsworth, Sully-Prudhomme, Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton and Hardy are subjects.

Isn't That Just Like a Man! Oh! Well! You Know How Women Are, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Irvin S. Cobb. (George H. Doran Company.) Two short articles in which each author reviews the traditional foibles of the other sex.

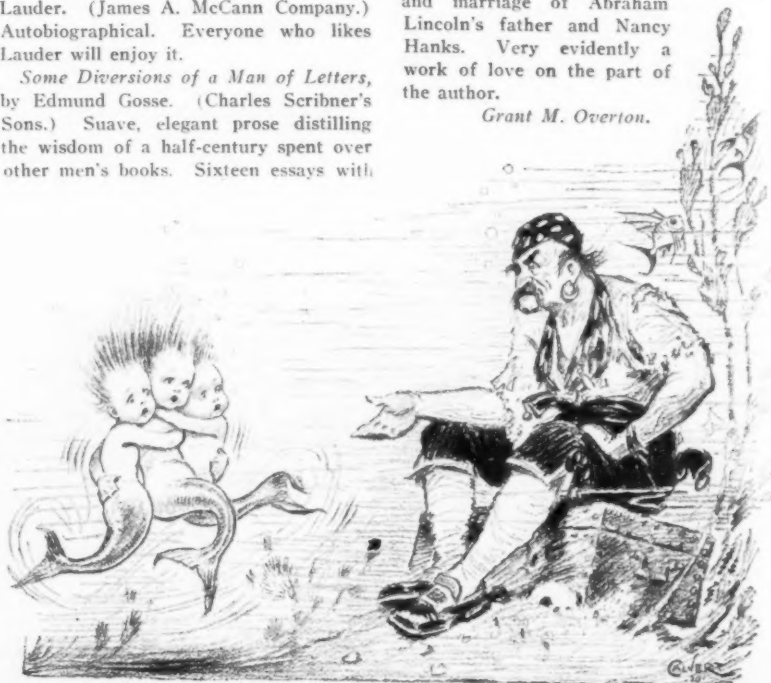
Sheila Intervenes, by Stephen McKenna. (George H. Doran Company.) Inconsequential and rather tedious comedy. *Midas and Son*, despite faults, remains Mr. McKenna's best.

Happy House, by Baroness von Hutten. (George H. Doran Company.) A novelist misunderstood by her husband and children finds sympathetic comprehension from the young lover of one of her daughters. All right for this novelist's habitual readers.

Ballads of Old New York, by Arthur Guiterman. (Harper & Bros.) For every lover of graceful verse as well as for all those, a large legion, who find a fascination in New York of the Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary days. Such lines as "How Pearl Street Was Paved" are quite in the spirit of Washington Irving, poking fun at the worthy burghers. What a capital book to have in the house where there are children!

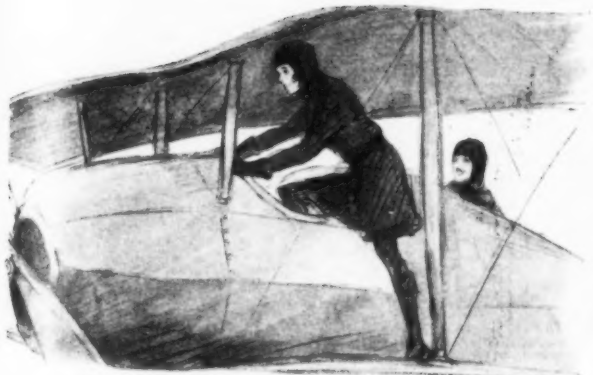
The Matrix, by Maria Thompson Daviess. (The Century Company.) Short novel dealing with the meeting, courtship and marriage of Abraham Lincoln's father and Nancy Hanks. Very evidently a work of love on the part of the author.

Grant M. Overton.



THE STORY OF THE HAUNTED SHIP

One Day in Her Life



She takes her brother to business in the early morning.



She then steals a few moments to make a speech before the Honest Politics Club.



She arrives at her cafeteria just in time to help serve.



In the afternoon she solves the labor problem by chauffeuring the family herself.



Later she attends an amateur theatrical, where she dances à la Fokina for the Old Ladies' Home.



And then appears at a charity performance of opera for the benefit of the freezing Armenians.

Warning to Celebrities

IS it possible that the passionate desire on the part of the public to learn about the personal habits of celebrities has been exaggerated? For some time it has been known that Mr. Edison prides himself on three or four hours' sleep at night, that President Wilson chafes under the restraint of not being able to golf, that Clemenceau eats macaroni, and that Lloyd George plays the ukulele. Mr. Drinkwater in his remarkable play, "Abraham Lincoln," uses with dramatic effect the fact that Mr. Lincoln did not

smoke and that Grant loved whisky. These are examples of things that no doubt the public likes to know. But the temptation, on the part of those who are striving for publicity, to emulate the truly great appears to us to be nearing the safety point. It is now apparently a part of the business of every writer to assume that what he does, no matter how trivial, is of intense interest to a vast horde of people. Perhaps this is what Miss Amy Lowell meant when she recently declared that our newspaper columnists were dull. It requires a fair amount of skill to exploit one's personal affairs in public without being offensive.

Yes, But How Is He?

A Mystery Play

(The scene shows the parts, surrounding the telephones, of two separate dwellings.)

MAUDE: Hello! . . .

BETTY: Hello—Maude?

MAUDE: My dear, I'm so glad to hear your voice—

BETTY: I called up to find out how your husband—

MAUDE: My dear, I've had the most terrible time. I'm nearly crazy. . . . I've been scurrying around, working my head off—and I haven't had a decent night's rest—

BETTY: Yes, but how is your husband—

MAUDE: My dear, let me tell you. The very day he said he didn't feel well, Wednesday afternoon it was, I had the dressmaker. And he came home about half-past two, and there we were, simply *stamped*, my dear, in material—and I had to send her away, and Heaven only knows when I can get her again—

BETTY: Yes, but—

MAUDE: And I was going to have the most stunning evening dress—orchid, my dear, cut very low—

BETTY: Yes, but George—

MAUDE: Let me tell you. You know how busy the doctors are . . . and nurses. . . . Nurses are virtually impossible to get. Well, the very next day cook said she would have to have a raise with all that extra trouble, and the nurse said she wouldn't eat with cook, and that offended cook, and so what did she do but say she was going to leave; and for all I could do, she did leave. And so I've been doing the cooking, . . . and little Alice is such trouble . . . and—

BETTY: Yes, but your husband, how is—

MAUDE: And I know George feels just terribly, to think of all the bother I'm put to, and that makes *me* feel badly. Though, of course, I really don't mind—I think a wife should be ready to stand by her husband and help him, no matter what happens.

BETTY: Yes, but how is he?

MAUDE: Although, I'll probably get sick or something myself, and I *know* I'll have to go to Atlantic City or Lakewood, because, my dear, I'm a positive wreck—I look *ghastly*; I can't eat; I haven't had more than eight hours' sleep a night since that Wednesday afternoon the dress-

maker was here—Minnie Fish—you know—and I had to give up the Andersons' party—and they give *such* parties—and—

BETTY: Yes, yes, yes! But how is George?

MAUDE: Oh, George? Well, it was really George who suggested it. He's even suggested that I go to Florida. But you know how impossible it is to get any reservations in Florida. I don't feel a bit well, Betty, not a bit. I was thinking of telegraphing mother to come and stay with me—

BETTY (making her last attempt): But George—George?

MAUDE: Because I don't know how much longer I can

hold out. The house is in a terrible condition, and what with running up and down stairs and going after errands and trying to clean up a little and answering the doorbell, I really am exhausted, my dear, exhausted. And that's how it is.

BETTY: I see, that's how it is.

MAUDE: That's how it is. I'm a total ruin, Betty. . . .

BETTY (hastily): Well, do take care of yourself, dear. Good-by.

MAUDE: Oh, I shall; I shall. Good-by, dear. Thank you so much for asking about George.

Henry William Hanemann.



Wife (reproachfully): OH, JOHN! ARE YOU GOING TO MESS THE YARD UP AGAIN THIS YEAR?

LIFE'S Title Contest

THIS contest is now going on, but owing to pressure of material it is omitted from this issue. Prizes aggregating eight hundred dollars are offered

for the best title to the picture that appears over the conditions of the contest. For these conditions our readers are referred to either the preceding or the coming number of LIFE.

THE next thing in order is a nation-wide movement to compel our women to get up and give their seats to men. Also, it ought to be understood that young and handsome men are not to be specially favored.

CITY EDITOR: This new reporter is awful! He knows absolutely nothing about spelling or grammar, and he is always using freak words of his own coining.

MANAGING EDITOR (thoughtfully): We might place him in charge of the sporting page.



Executives leaving in Company Packard for conference. Hundreds of Corporations have standardized on Packard on an economy basis—high mileage per dollar of investment and running cost over a term of years

Does the Car Buyer *Want* the Facts

THE late Joseph Choate used to say that lawyers would go out of business if men were not so bent on making the same old mistakes the same old way.

No one need—or *can*—make the old mistakes in selecting his motor car, if he will look for *transportation facts* instead of “features” and “talking points.”

The strong Packard opinion which he finds on every hand does not express itself in technical details or costly luxury—but in such everyday words as *economy, comfort, ability and lasting value.*

LET a man figure on keeping his Packard from *six to ten years*—and he has a material saving in *investment*, as against the car that must be traded in every two or three years.

Think of the *stability* of the Packard design! His Packard always a “new model.”

His gasoline mileage will be from ten to fourteen, depending on road conditions. Oil mileage, one thousand to the gallon. Tires, properly cared for, ten thousand to sixteen thousand miles.

The steel in his Packard costs more than twice as much as the steel in the ordinary car.

The moving parts in the Twin-Six engine weigh less for the power developed than in any other automobile engine. There is less vibration and less wear on bearings.

WHEN a man buys a motor car he knows pretty well what sort of transportation he expects it to deliver.

Economy does not lie in the direction of temporary make-shifts or compromises.

Packard first-class transportation will give him a definite and permanent advance in his way of traveling. It will cost him less per passenger mile during his whole motoring experience—than even second-class transportation.

“Ask the Man  Who Owns One”

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*



The Last Resort

In a certain Yorkshire town a landlord does not receive a very hearty welcome on Monday mornings, and a tenant in one of the houses there recently handed the landlord half-a-crown towards the rent.

"Is this all you've got for me, and you so much in arrears?" scowled the landlord.

"Go on now and be satisfied," replied the tenant. "You wouldn't have had that, only my old man has been and sold the back door."—*Blighty*.

Well, Well

"Times have certainly changed."

"What now?"

"Saw an advertisement reading, 'Be an artist and make money.'"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Futurism

"What does that picture represent?"

"I don't remember. I painted it over a week ago."—*Kosaren (Christiania)*.



"SO YOU'VE BOUGHT A CAR. THAT'S FINE."

"NO; WE FOUND AFTER WE'D PAID FOR THE ACCESSORIES THAT WE WOULD HAVE TO POSTPONE BUYING THE CAR TILL NEXT YEAR."

His Fervor Dampened

Down in Southern Oklahoma, after the cotton crops are laid by, it is the custom of the colored population to hold big camp meetings. At one of these the minister was talking of the great joys of heaven. One of the brethren became very much excited and began shouting: "Praise de Lawd! Praise de Lawd! How I does wish I'se a June bug! I'd spread my wings and fly away to heaven."

At this one of the sisters sprang up and said: "Why, Bruddah Mose, one o' dem woodpeckers would be sho to git yo' on de way."—*New York Evening Post*.

Inequalities

"Do you believe in the absolute equality of men?"

"I do not," replied the aged sport. "If I did I wouldn't be able to see the sense in any friendly contest, from a prize fight to a checker game."

—*Washington Star*.

Too Young

MRS. DE STYLE: Elsie worries me. She doesn't like to go to church at all.

MR. DE STYLE: Oh, don't mind that. She is too young to care much yet about dress and fashions.—*Boston Transcript*.

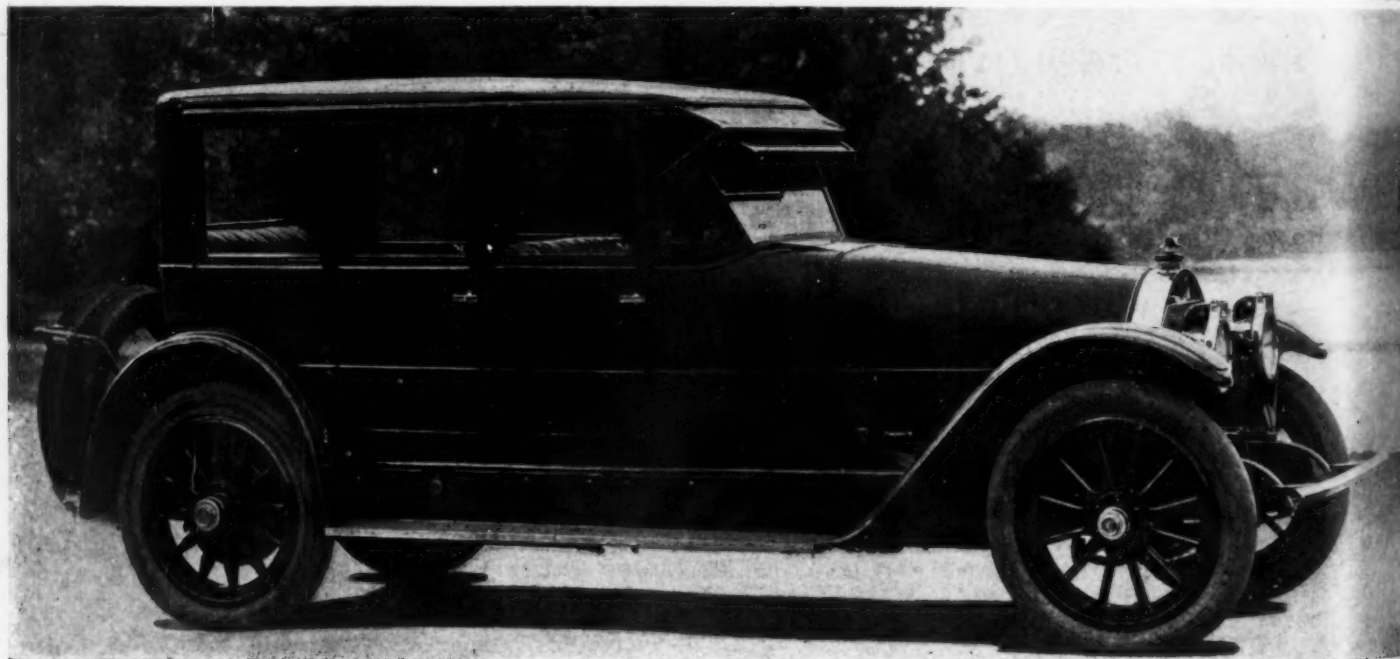
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Custom design by The Locomobile Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

No matter how staunch a casing may be, it cannot withstand the punishment inflicted by the race course unless the tube, also, is flawless. During the American racing season of 1919, every important race of more than fifty miles, on speedway and road, was won on Goodyear Cord Tires.

While that is splendid tribute to the Goodyear Cord Tire, it is also proof conclusive of the superior quality of Goodyear Tubes.

As you know, Goodyear Heavy Tourist

Tubes, just as the Goodyear Tubes so favored by racers, are made of pure gum strips, *built up layer-upon-layer.*

Their cost is but little more (an average of seventy cents) than the cost of tubes of lesser merit. Do you consider it economy to risk a costly casing to save so small a sum?

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes come in a water-proof, oil-proof bag. Get them from your Goodyear Service Station Dealer. More of them are used than any other kind.



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GOODYEAR

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Americanization

He was a Chinaman. He ran a laundry, and no one ever heard him speak a word of English. I often wondered why he had not learned our beautiful language. But to my queries he only shook his head.

One day when I paid for my weekly wash he returned less change than usual. "You've short-changed me, Ping Pong!" I cried.

Ping Pong smiled blandly, showed me his Americanization of Foreign Merchants certificate, and, speaking for the first time in faultless English, replied: "No; I've raised!"—*Iowa Fricol.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Couldn't Tell a Lie

NEW MAID: Mr. Dubbleigh, ma'am.

YOUNG MISTRESS: That dreadful bore! Tell him I am out of town.

NEW MAID (hesitating): I can't tell a lie, ma'am. I'll just say you're out.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.



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The Way to Rise

A sea captain was talking about the English admiral, Lord Fisher.

"I once asked Lord Fisher," he said, "what he attributed his rapid rise to."

"To power of initiative," Lord Fisher answered promptly.

"Power of initiative, my lord?" And I scratched my head. "How would you define power of initiative?"

"Disobeying orders," said Lord Fisher.—*Washington Star.*

SOLICITOR (whose client is thinking of getting a divorce): Well, you can get it for about twenty pounds; everything done quietly and no publicity.

CLIENT: And how much will the real thing cost, with lots of publicity and everything?—*Blighy.*

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"MOST UNUSUAL! WHAT BUSINESS IS HE IN?"

"NONE. HE LIVES AT THE POORHOUSE."



Bonuses for Soldiers

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: A few words about your editorial in issue of LIFE of March 11th, about bonus for soldiers. It doesn't taste good to you, it seems. I wonder how good you think the German machine-gun bullets, etc., tasted to our boys.

You want to put in your bill for losses incurred, opportunities missed, etc. I wonder where and what you were while the war was going on. I'll bet you weren't sleeping out in the mud and dodging Dutch shells, etc. You seem to think you are quite a diplomat by proposing that we have received in our experiences all that we should get. You are amusing. Yes, you are right—we are all capitalists; but, just the same, you are the ones who have the capital. We haven't any of it, and the most of us are still trying to get to where we were when we took off our collars and ties, etc., and put on O. D.

Good luck, Editor! I hope the rest of the five million read that editorial of yours. If they did, I think they will quit reading them.

Yours truly,
One of the Five Million,

Turtle Creek, Pa., Mar. 11, 1920.

The Iceman's Annual Problem

(An Answer to an Article Under the Above Caption in LIFE of January 29)

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: I am the handsome iceman!

I wear an army overcoat, seven-dollar shoes, a three-dollar hat and an air of gloom.

Why the air of gloom?

Ice formed thickly on the lakes and streams. Already my workmen have cut ice and stored it, as usual, in my ice-house on the edge of the river.

I admit that ice will be plentiful this year. But still I am gloomy.

Why on earth should I be gloomy?

Certainly, I am not afraid that winter will extend clear through the summer, thereby making it unnecessary for mothers to buy ice with which to cool the milk for the babies. No, I am not afraid of that.

I also know that the demand for ice next summer will be greater than ever.

The thing that is worrying me is my yearly problem: How am I going to meet the demand for cheaper ice?

No, I am not smiling. Ice will not be higher next summer, because if I raise the price my wholesale customers, from whom I realize my biggest profit, will put in refrigerating machines and artificial ice plants of their own—the milkmen, the butchers, the confectioners, all of whom have boosted their wares again and again.

I am still gloomy! Why? Because laborers in harvesting ice this winter de-

(Continued on page 677)



Those White Teeth

Ask People How They Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—white, glistening teeth.

Ask about them. The owners will tell you, probably, that they use Pepsodent. They have found a way to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

Millions have already proved it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And over 6,000 new people daily write us for a 10-Day Tube.

Why Teeth Discolor

A viscous film forms on the teeth and coats them. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern dentists know this film to be the teeth's great enemy.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it remains to do a ceaseless damage,

until removed by cleaning in a dentist's chair.

Film is what discolours—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now We Combat Film

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Five years of careful tests have proved this beyond question.

The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements. And a 10-Day Tube of this tooth paste is now sent free to anyone who asks.

Let Your Mirror Tell

Make this free test. Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your mirror tell the story.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Science has lately made this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth.

So it long seemed barred. But a harmless activating method has been found, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

The results are quick and evident. They are all-important. You will never go back to old methods when you know them. For the sake of cleaner, safer teeth cut out this coupon now.

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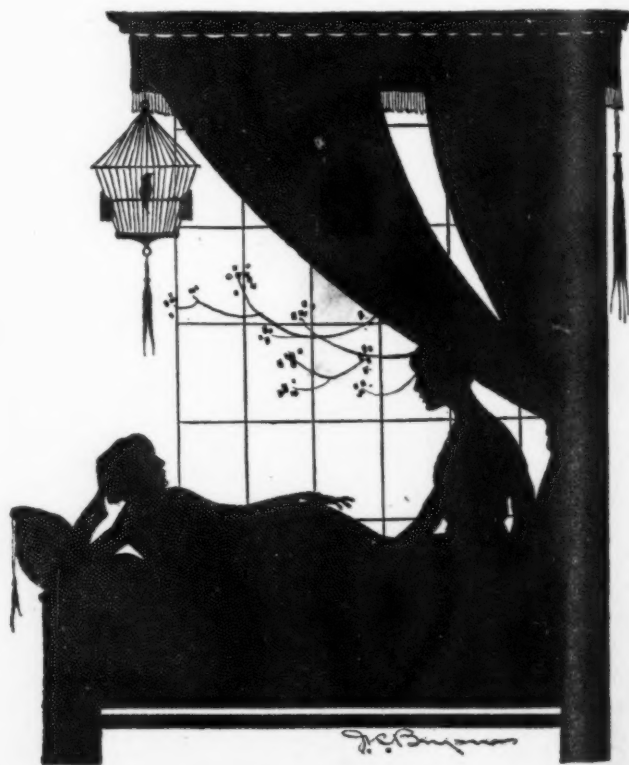
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BETWEEN DEBUTANTES

"AND HE PUT HIS ARMS AROUND ME, . . . AND KISSED ME,
AND ASKED ME TO BE HIS WIFE!"
"OH, THE DEAR, OLD-FASHIONED THING!"



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Little Boy from the Slums (on his first two weeks in the country): GEE! MICKEY, I LIKE TH' UNITED STATES BETTER'N ANY PLACE I EVER SAW!

The Iceman's Annual Problem

(Continued from page 675)

manded wages sixty-five per cent. higher than I ever had to pay before, and were scarce and independent at that figure. Because new saws and scrapers and small tools were more expensive and of poorer materials. Because my drivers and clerks demand a higher wage that they may wear silk shirts and drive automobiles like the miners. Because my taxes are higher, my truck licenses are higher, gasoline is higher, office supplies are higher, feed for my teams is higher, everything I buy has increased in cost, while I must sell ice at the same price.

And my business showed a net loss that iceless summer of 1919!

Yes, the handsome iceman is gloomy!

GEORGE KARL FISHER.

Two "k's", an "o", a "d" and an "a"


In 1888 when the above letters were first euphoniously assembled they meant nothing. To-day they mean protection for you in the purchase of photographic goods.

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Why Popular

MEMBROOKE: Backus seems to be a very popular candidate. Is he running on the Progressive ticket?

YISTLEY: No, the Retrogressive. His platform is five-cent trolleys, ten-cent bread, three-dollar shoes and 1913 rents.

TOMMY (just learning to read): Dad, what does "the U. S." stand for?

DASHER: Almost everything, my son.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
 MADE AT KEY WEST

I—Me

By I. S. Corn

I HAVE decided to take my millions of readers into my confidence. On second thought I find my first statement is not wholly correct. I have taken them into my confidence in the past, but in the future I am going further and further, giving them little—no, big—glimpses of myself in action and repose, asleep and awake, at work and at play, sick and well, eating and drinking, and so on. And I am certain, positively and absolutely certain, that my millions of readers—may I not say it?—will be immensely pleased. I am going to write all the words about myself that come to me in the course of ordinary writing. Then I am going to put the stuff away and let it get cool, as it were. Possibly the next day, or the day after, or maybe the day after that, I am going to take this stuff out and go over it. Here and there I will see where I can insert additional words. They will not necessarily be words that mean anything more or explain any additional matter, but they will be words.

When I started the game of being a writing man I had a foolish notion that I must follow the beaten path. I knew no better than to plot my stuff, develop characters, put speech in their mouths and add a few thousand assorted words of description. I wrote thusly stories, novels, war correspondence, plays, and so on. I made money. I bought a farm and built a house on it. I gave lectures, and charged a fee for the privilege of hearing what I had

A Friend in Need

YOUR own good taste, good judgment, and knowledge of values are reflected in the purchases Miss Walton will make for you. She is in the shops—you may be far from them, but you can depend on her personal attention to every detail. Try her on that thing you have been looking for.

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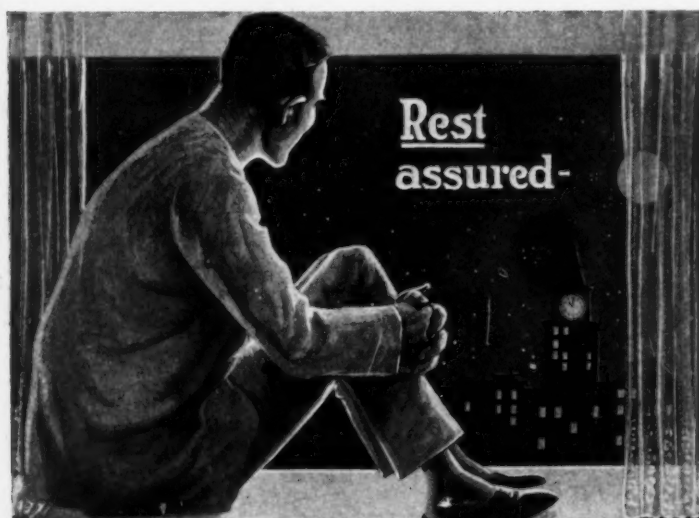
The Pantasote Company Bowling Green Building, New York City

to say. I got into the movies, and had little pictures of myself hard at work on the scenario about to be unfolded for the amusement and pleasure of the breathless audience.

Chiefly I was writing about myself. And why shouldn't I? I have been associated with myself since infancy. In fact, I am the first person I can remember. No more make-believe characters for me. No more imagination and no more brain work on my part.

Hereafter me for myself—I for me, and me for I. The ladies will please remove their hats, and the gentlemen may park their cigars with the chief usher. Move a little closer, everybody, because nothing will be held in reserve. I can be funnier about myself than about anybody else, and from now on I shall entertain you with the personal narrative of how I discovered myself and made me famous.

Tom S. Elrod.



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11



LOVE IS BLIND

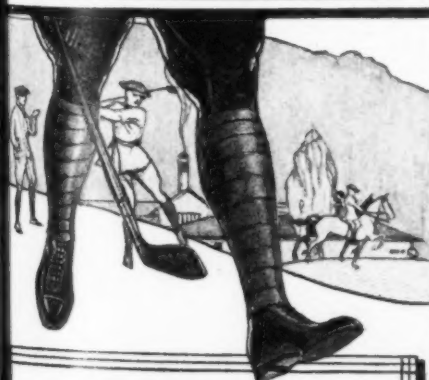
The seams are so stitched with SILK that they will not ravel even though the thread is cut or broken—That's why you, too, should ask your dealer for

Hays Superseam Gloves

"There and Back"

THE man huddled in the lee of the big steel brace and looked down at the black water, flecked with the November rain. The same rain was striking the back of his neck, and he shivered. The water swirled along the sides of the stone bridge pier and drifted on in little whirls and wellings over which the oil closed and broke. The river looked sinister under that rain-pitted skin of oil.

He kicked a pebble through the railing and watched it disappear with a glug that echoed hollow under the low span of the bridge. It was quite deep—and cold. The rain drumming on the column drifted him back over the years until it sounded on the roof of an open shed, and he sat cuddled in a pile of straw with his dog, gazing across soaked fields through slanting November rain, dreaming of things to come, of the city and its opportunities, of what he would do. With that came the memory of a pair of shining gray eyes that went somehow with the picture. They had been a part of the dreams—the best part, but that was a



FOX'S "R.P." PUTTEES

The smart appearance and great durability of Fox's Spiral Puttees make them ideal for golf, riding, walking, and outdoor sports. Made of the best English wool, in curved form, they fit the leg closely and will not ravel or fray at the edges like ordinary puttees. Colors—khaki, forest green, cadet blue, etc.

The genuine Fox's have a small brass tag with the name and the letter R or L, for right or left, on each puttee. If your dealer hasn't them we'll supply you direct.

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An "Extra Metal Quality"— that gives *More Accurate Putting*

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43 Exchange Place New York, N. Y.
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Monel metal GOLF HEADS



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

long time ago. He choked as he remembered the aspirations, the frank, untarnished dreams that he had once held. The world had undeceived him in a good many ways since then, and now he was standing in the slim shelter of a steel I-beam in that city with the best part of his life behind him, watching the water close over a dropped pebble. If he could only go back to that shed and dog once more, but—

"My goodness, George! What possesses you?" He turned to face a limousine, and a middle-aged, gray-eyed woman laughing at him from the wheel. "Why on earth didn't you wait for me inside the cigar store? It's only about three steps. You'll catch your death of cold."

"All right, dear." He settled back in the cushions and unbuttoned his fur coat. "I was just thinking."

C. R. S.



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PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

Interlude

HE kissed my rosy finger tips
So tenderly I let the sway
Of love impel me gently on;
And faced with him the shining dawn
Of wonder-years that stretched away.

I kiss my pallid finger tips
And blow it back with lightest breath
To dreams that are forever stilled;
To promises, all unfulfilled,
That cost me each a little death.

Bertha Stephenson.

BRITISH literary lights come over here and make fortunes, but our own literary lights have to be given posts abroad in order to become famous.

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